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THE

Unfortunate RAMBLE:

OR, THE

Bread-Street ADVENTURERS.

Written by Timothy Goosequil *of the* Custom-house.

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THE UNFORTUNATE RAMBLE, &c.

SPeak, Goddess Muse, in soft Description tell
The Adventure Three poor Prentices befel:
But e'er the Comick Story you declare,
Let each in his true Character appear.
Philemon first enters the Famous Roll,
A careless Body, and undaunted Soul.
Whene'er he walks a Modish Gate is seen,
Easie his Steps, and steady in his Mein,
Neat in his Business, and in Person clean.
A sprightly Carriage, and all-conquering Air,
Gains daily Triumphs from the Captive Fair:
Ah Happy Youth! What Nymph, tho' e'er so Coy,
Those Eyes would soon her Tender Soul decoy.
No wonder that *Almeria* is so kind,
And sweet *Orinda* daily presents send.
O! What a sad Confusion would there prove,
Did but each Rival know the other's Love?
Fine *Timon* next a Character does claim,
But out of Friendship I'll forbear to Name
Some Actions that will Scandalize his Fame.

This Spark pretends to Modesty and Grace,
So *Lucifer* can wear an Angel's Face.
Let him appear with Punk in close Disguise,
And he'll fling off his sly Formalities,
Boldly and unconcern'd no Crime withstand,
And act with Pleasure so 'tis underhand.
But he is grown less Hypocrite of late,
Since sinning privately is out of date;
With Men of Wit and Pleasure can dispence,
And Barters Piety for Impudence.

Assist me now, Oh Muse, in lofty Flight,
Valerio's Person to describe aright.
Nature forgot whilst he in Embrio lay,
Mistaken Moulds it flung in Female Clay;
For certain never Nymph was form'd more Coy,
Nor in less harmless Pleasures Life enjoy.

When Jovial Friends in Brisk and Merry Mood
Tosts Beauteous Healths o'er the delightful Board
When *Bacchus* all the Spirits raise in Tune,
And *Io Peans* eccho round the Room,
Then from his Master's Cell the Youth dares part
With many a Pang, and a sad aking Heart:
Swiftly he flies to the delightful Place,
Where Mirth and Pleasure smiles in every Face.
But when a doubtful glance he cast around,
And saw a Gentleman to him unknown,
Confounded and Amaz'd at the dire Sight,
Ran back astonisht in a wild Affright;
And all his Friends Perswasions were in vain,
To make him venture back himself again.

These

Theſe were the Ways *Valerio* us'd to hold,
But ſince has grown more reſolutely Bold:
Now to a Stranger he appears leſs ſhy,
And free from Bluſhing make a Bold Reply.
Theſe Joyous Youths a ſtrict Allegiance join'd,
Their even Tempers mutually combin'd;
Long thus they liv'd, whilſt all Events did prove,
That each was happy in the other's Love,
When late as they on divers Problems ran,
The ſmooth-tongu'd Orator this Speech began:
" Well met my Friends, my great Felicity
" Is the Enjoyment of your Company.
" Since now the Day is paſt, and Buſineſs done,
" What think you of a Ramble through the Town?
" Who can the pall'd and worthleſs Pleaſure bear
" Of this dull Life, if 'twere not for the Fair?
" Then follow my Advice, deſpiſe all Harms,
" To Rowl and Revel in ſoft Beauty's Charms.
ly *Timon* Sneer'd, and Nodding gave conſent.
High on the lofty Summit of the Hill
alerio ſtopt, though much againſt his Will;
or ſtreight a ſudden Fit of Virtue came,
nd Conſcience triumph'd o'er the unlawful Flame.
hilemon vext at the faint-hearted Youth
n ſcornful Anger ſpoke.
" Is this the Reſolution that you boaſt?
This the Reward for my great Labour loſt?
All my Perſwaſions now I ſee are vain,
Since you're relaps'd to Piety again.

" Theſe

" These Melancholy Thoughts your Soul decoy,
" And all the Pleasures of this Life destroy:
" Chear up my Friend, and instantly you'll find
" Joys of the Body far excel the Mind.
Long in his Breast the different Passions strove,
Till Virtue yeilded to Victorious Love.
Now the undaunted Youths free from Remorse,
Towards St. *James*'s took their heedless Course,
Tho' oft were interrupted by the Way,
With Virgins that like them stole out to Play.
Late they arriv'd at Courtly end of Town,
And in convenient House Diversion found:
Cloe's and *Philly*'s here there were good Store,
Speak but one Word and streight appears a Score
Black, Brown, Fair, Swarthy, there do Charm (the Eye
Lovers delight in great Variety.
By help of Glass *Timon* pick'd out his Strum,
And then retired to an inner Room,
Where *Pro* and *Con*, as formerly for Tea,
He fixt the Price of her Commodity.
Not that he offered to enjoy the Fair,
His Courage and his Manhood fail'd him there:
The utmost Height of his Felicity
Was at the most but Finger Leachery,
Where we will leave him eager to improve,
And prying through the hidden Parts of Love.
Valerio now from Qualms of Conscience free,
Resolv'd to taste the Sweets of Liberty:
To subtle *Araminta* he Addrest,
And in soft Eloquence his Love profest.

Madam

Madam, said he, your Beauty does surprize,
Who can withstand those lovely peircing Eyes?
What Mortal breathing could resist such Charms,
As lye between those soft endearing Arms?
She all the Time in wanton Postures strove,
To winde him to the highest Pitch of Love.
Philemon, not so Amorous as the rest,
Took the Old Matron for his Welcome Guest;
When her instructive Songs his Spirits rais'd,
Fair *Pastorella* soon the Storm appeas'd;
Whilst he with Pleasure Thrice enjoy'd the Dame,
She eas'd his Passion, yet encreas'd his Flame.
Quarterns of Brandy plentifully flow'd,
And Leacherous Postures impudently show'd.
Thus were the Three Adventurers imploy'd,
Till Nature was by over-acting cloy'd;
Preparing then to leave the nauseous Cell,
This sad Misfortune to the Rovers fell.
A sudden Uproar at the Door began,
When the Old Beldam in Confusion ran
To learn from whence the noise Clamour came.
Oh Heavens! Who can the Astonishment relate,
When there appear'd a Man with haughty Gate;
A Staff of Justice in his Hands was seen,
And ill-look'd Rascals furnish'd out his Train.
Not the Infernal Spirits chain'd below,
In sharpest Torments could more Horrour show,
When in the Trunk of an old hollow Tree
A Brood of Owls are fix'd commodiously,

Hooting

Hooting with Pleasure all the Sable Night,
Shou'd there appear a sudden Ray of Light;
A strange Disorder instantly they'd show,
And for the present know not what to do.
So the Poor Lovers in a wild Amaze
Did speechless stand, and on each other gaze:
They more astonisht and perplexed grew,
When from his Mouth these dreadful Threatnings flew.

" Here, Watchmen, Guard the Door that none escape,
" I'll know the Reason makes 'em here so late:
" Is this fit Time of Night a Noise to keep,
" When Sober Persons ought to be asleep?
" Prepare then speedily with me to go,
" E'er many Hours pass your Doom you'll know.
So saying, *Timon*'s Hand he gently took,
Who look'd more Silly than if Thunder struck.
Thrice he endeavour'd an Excuse to frame,
But open Guilt confounded him with Shame;
Seeing all Means of 'scaping was too late,
He patiently submitted to his Fate.
Cunning *Philemon*, Bolder than the rest,
The haughty Rage of Mermidan suppresst:
With tempting Gold he chang'd his stern Command,
By sliding Twenty Peices in his Hand.
The all-prevailing Metal won the Day,
And the Three Youths marcht quietly away,
With secret Resolution not to prove
In haste the Torments of unlawful Love.

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